



Changeling
Encounters

A Challenge

(A Jason and Reynard Story)

Emily Carrington

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Logistical problems brought on by a mechanical bull, a broken arm, and an enforced “vacation” present a special sort of challenge for these two lovers. Now it’s time to break the rules...

A Challenge

It had been two weeks since Jason broken his arm. Reynard, his husband, felt justified in now saying, "I told you not to ride that bull. Just because you live in Kansas doesn't mean you're a cowboy. And you're fifty years old. That's too old for Wyatt Earp antics."

"Shut the fuck up," Jason said good-naturedly. He flipped Reynard off.

"I'd love to," Reynard teased, "but my hubby went and got himself broken. And every time we try to make love, it hurts him too much."

"I'd like to try again."

Reynard shook his head. "Jason, I love you. I can't stand to see you in pain. Especially pain I cause."

"I have a new--"

"No new ideas!" Reynard hadn't meant to shout but all of Jason's "ideas" had ended with his husband almost in tears.

"What if I..." Jason laughed. "Look at our face," he said when he'd quit chuckling. "You look like a horror movie victim."

Reynard scowled. "Fuck you."

"That's exactly what I want."

Jason wasn't going to give up. Reynard knew him well enough by now. "All right," he said, sighing. "What's your idea?"

"You lean against the wall and I take you from behind."

"What about your arm?"

"I'll tighten the sling a little so it doesn't move. And you heard what the doctor said. I can resume normal activities."

"In moderation." But Reynard knew he was losing the battle. "You suck."

"No. Not yet. Unless you want to lay on the bed and I can bend over you."

Reynard stepped forward and kissed his lover. "You are the most stubborn man I've ever met."

"You sound like my boss."

Reynard smirked. Being compared to Agent Weinberg wasn't usually amusing but thinking that someone else had called Jason stubborn? That made him smile. Jason had been forcibly retired last year and was now working as a consultant. Because he couldn't keep his hand out of the game.

Reynard still had to help Jason get out of his clothes. Jason could have done it on his own but that would have taken much too long. When they were both bare-assed, Reynard gazed with open hunger at Jason's thick member. "You're ready."

"Two weeks with no sex? Of course I'm ready." He smiled, looking down at Reynard's half erect cock. "And I see you're not. Still worried about hurting me?" He put his arm around Reynard's neck and kissed him. Thoroughly.

Reynard was afraid to move, afraid of jostling Jason's arm. It was getting better, the X-Rays said so. But it was far from healed.

Jason nipped Reynard's lower lip and Reynard was startled back to the present. He stared into Jason's unrepentant gaze.

"Don't give up on this before it's even started." Jason went back to kissing him and this time Reynard was carried along for the ride. He groaned softly when Jason pushed his tongue aside and plundered his mouth. And he cried out, louder and more desperately, when Jason tweaked his nipple. Damn it, but that felt good. His cock was waking from its frightened stupor and he thought that if they didn't finish, he'd have to masturbate or end the day with a severe case of blue balls.

Jason tweaked the other nipple. Of the two, this one, the right one, was more sensitive and Reynard whispered, "Fuck, do that again."

Jason bent at the waist and nibbled where his fingers had been.

It felt so good that Reynard closed his eyes in an attempt to keep his cock from going off like a teenager's. He took several deep breaths. When he had himself under some semblance of control, he looked at his grinning husband. "You're a tease."

"Nope. I deliver what I promise. Although I'll need you to help me stretch your asshole. That shouldn't be too much of a problem."

Reynard laughed at Jason's lascivious wink. They both knew Reynard liked to play with butt plugs. He asked, "Do you happen to have Ole Bessy?"

Jason reached into his back pocket with his left hand and produced a white plug with black splotches that looked like a traditional cow's colors. "Right here." He spit on it and used his thumb to rub the moisture around. He'd become quite ambidexterous in some ways.

Jason bowed and presented the butt plug. "For you, my Lord Fox-God."

Reynard laughed and took the plug. Then he stuck it up his ass. It burned, as it always did, and it was a little more uncomfortable than usual because, since Jason had been unable even to masturbate for the last two weeks, Reynard had abstained in solidarity. He wriggled his ass around until the plug felt natural. Then he pulled it out. "I'm ready for you."

It wasn't quite the truth; he wasn't as stretched as he would have liked. But he didn't want Jason to hurt himself trying for further preparation.

Jason shook his head. "I don't think so." He turned Reynard with his left hand. Then he spit on his fingers and gently pushed one in. "It's hard to get a good angle. Can you move against my hand?"

Reynard did, more because of the command behind the question than because he thought Jason was being wise. But then a spark of pleasure ran through him and he moaned loudly. "Jason..." He rocked on the single digit. "Enough!" This time he meant it.

Jason spit on his hand again and Reynard knew he was coating his cock. Then the head was against Reynard's ass and Jason was murmuring, "Breathe."

Complying, Reynard relaxed all the muscles he could while still standing up. Then he felt Jason enter him. It was gradual, very slow, and Reynard would have cried from frustration except he knew Jason was going carefully so as not to hurt him or the broken arm.

When Jason was fully seated, he began to move.

Reynard begged, "Faster?" Then he could have swallowed his tongue. "If you can," he added lamely.

"I can," Jason said. "A little. You may need to stroke yourself." He sounded frustrated about that.

Reynard laughed and gripped his cock. "Just tell me what you want me to do."

He sensed Jason relaxing. "Stroke in time with my thrusts."

They moved as one then, as much in sync as they ever had been. Reynard found his balls tightening and his thighs pressing together much sooner than he would have credited. But with Jason using his left arm around Reynard's waist to brace himself, it was almost like old times.

Lights went off behind his eyes and he whispered, "Jason, Jason..."

Jason came, shouting "Reynard, oh fuck, Reynard..." His cry sent Reynard over the edge.

About fifteen minutes later, as they settled on the couch fully dressed again, Reynard asked, "How's your arm?"

Jason kissed him. "Just fine. Want to go again tonight?"

"Fuck, but I missed you." And Reynard held Jason against him, content for the first time since that damned bull had thrown his husband.

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